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:: THE DELIGHTS of COACHING ::

:: By AN OLD WHIP ::



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The Delights of Coaching

BY AN OLD WHIP



“O for a coach, ye gods!”

Chrononkotonthologos, Act II. Scene 4



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The Delights of Coaching.

I.

THE COACHMAN.

"Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum collegisse juvat."—Horace.



VERY art has a period of extinction; [1]
every art has a period of reawakening;
and the noble art of coaching has not
been exempt from the laws which have
governed the noble arts of painting
and sculpture. When the railroads were built and the
mail-bags were saddled on the great steam-horse, there

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

were few who believed that the coaches would survive. No more, at the sound of the familiar horn, would the rustics take out their watches to set them by the time of the Mail; no more would the guard dole out to

[2] open-mouthed listeners the bits of information which he brought from the town. The whistle of the engine was to drown the toot of the horn, and the broad sheets of the newspaper were to replace the gossip of the guard.

✂ Little, however, could the prophets of evil foresee the revival which has now taken place. Coaching has resumed its rank among the most agreeable diversions



THE COACHMAN.



of the time. In England noblemen and gentlemen drive their teams from the White Horse Cellars in Piccadilly or meet under the chestnuts at the Magazine. In America gentlemen of wealth and position steer their fours-in-hand from the Brunswick Hotel to the Huguenot hamlet of New Rochelle. In Hungary the Magyar princes urge their long-tailed steeds toward the race-course at Pesth. In France, the home of the diligence, the Jockey Club sends its turn-outs to the Longchamps hippodrome. In Italy an American may be seen guiding twelve horses through the tortuous

[3]

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

streets of Florence. Everywhere the taste for the road has returned, and the palmy days of coaching have come again.

Indeed, what other sport can stand beside it?
[4] As the coachman looks down from the box, holding well in control the four blood horses, checking the least of their caprices, giving full play to their strength, what general regarding the raging battle, what statesman compelling the votes of his party, has a sense of personal authority like his? At his side sits a friend, aiding, counselling, or learning; or, it may be a lady,





THE COACHMAN.



relieving the strain of his work with her pleasant prattle. Behind him are the merry spirits of the party, chatting, joking, or breathing with full lungs the serene air of spring; and from the interior of the coach comes a sound as of popping corks, and laughter which bubbles up with the wine. So the landscape passes by: the fields and the lanes and the hedgerows in blossom; and the travellers can scarcely believe that it is anything but a dream. [5]

Now the pleasures of the coachman are the greater in proportion to his duties and responsibilities. To

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

handle the ribbons well is an art not easy of attainment. Lightly sang the satirist of a famous "whip" of other days:

[6]

"What can Tommy Onslow do?
He can drive a coach and two.
Can Tommy Onslow do no more?
He can drive a coach and four."

To the initiated the verse loses its point, for those who have sat on the box are aware that as many qualities are necessary to the making of a first-rate coachman as to the making of a first-rate statesman.



THE COACHMAN.



Tact, patience, good temper, quickness, fertility of resource, coolness, strength of will, are the intellectual qualities without which no dragsman can hope to make his mark. Add the physical essentials of strength of arm and suppleness of limb and it will be seen that the driver of a four-in-hand is not exactly the person to be put down with a laugh or snuffed out by a lampoon. [7]

• • His first task is to master the rudiments of the ribbons. To this end even his dress must be carefully studied. The highest art of the tailor has to be called into play to make an attire which shall be loose in all

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

[8] parts, but “baggy” nowhere. Shoes and gaiters should be very thick; gloves of dogskin very easy but short in the fingers, and woollen gloves provided in case of wet weather. Every club exercises its own choice in the form and color of its garments, but sobriety is now the mark of all.

In other days the amateur coachmen used to excite the mirth of the public by their preposterous clothing. Lord William Pitt Lennox, who was one of Wellington’s aides-de-camp in the Peninsular war, records the existence of the London Whip Club in

◆ ✂ *THE COACHMAN.* ✂ ◆

1808, which used to meet once a month in Park Lane, and proceeded thence to dine at Harrow-on-the-Hill. Its dragsmen costumed themselves in a light drab-colored cloth coat, made full, single-breasted, with three tiers of pockets, the skirts reaching to the ankles, a huge mother-o'-pearl button ; waistcoat blue and yellow stripes, each stripe an inch in depth ; small clothes corded silk plush, made to button over the calf of the leg, with sixteen strings and rosettes to each knee ; the boots very short and finished with very broad straps, which hung over the tops and down to the ankle ; a [9]

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

hat only three inches and a half deep in the crown, and the same depth in the brim; and a large bouquet of flowers at the breast.

[10] This extraordinary attire brought down on the club the ridicule of the caricaturists and the stage. In the farce of "Hit and Miss" Charles Mathews appeared as Dick Cypher, whom he costumed in so close a likeness to the dragsmen of the day that the latter thought of horsewhipping the comedian. In a Christmas pantomime Grimaldi, the famous clown, made himself a box-coat out of a long white blanket, with

THE COACHMAN.

small plates for his buttons, a bunch of cabbages for his bouquet, a child's wicker cradle for his coach, a fishing-rod for his whip, and four spotted wooden horses for his team.

These follies have long since passed away. To-day the dragsman selects his clothes for use and not for display. Hat, dust-coat, cutaway, trousers, waistcoat, boots, cravat, all are of the plainest. The "passengers" may put on their gaudiest raiment. The coachman has to work and must dress with that idea in view. [11]

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

[12] Being suitably attired, his next function is to see that the team is properly harnessed. All experts of the past agree that nothing distresses them more than to see a modern coachman mount the box without giving his personal attention to the appointments of the coach. Half the battle, indeed, is in putting the coach together. Horses, like human beings, have their caprices. They choose their favorite places. They go well in one place, ill in another. If the stronger animals are placed at the wheel and the more highly mettled used as leaders, all is likely to prove satisfactory; for, going



THE COACHMAN.



downhill, the weight of the coach is thrown on the former, and, going uphill, its strain should be borne by the latter, and so the balance of work is evenly divided. A novice on the box is always inclined to let one horse bear all the burden and heat of the day. An experienced hand distributes the labor, and never gives the hostlers a chance to wink at each other knowingly when the coach arrives at its destination. It was said to be the distinguishing mark of the late Duke of Beaufort as a coachman that he was able to make each horse do his exact proportion of the work.

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

[14] Captain Haworth narrates an accident, due in some degree to carelessness in putting the coach together. He was driving the Yeovil Mail and was coming down Chard Hill when the skid parted. The coach was thrown on the horses, and in another instant the pole snapped off in the futchells. "Here," he says, "was a predicament! Half way down one of the ugliest hills in England, with a resolute, frightened team and a broken pole. Nothing for it but to put them along and keep them galloping. The leaders, finding the bars at the end of the whipple-tree all gone



THE COACHMAN.



mad, took the hint and went off as hard as they could lay legs to the ground. It was a fearful moment.

“‘Let ’em have it,’ cries Jack Everett, the professional coachman.

“‘Nothing but the pace can save us,’ cries Fred [15]
North, the guard.

“She rocked ; they galloped ; we shouted to encourage them. Fortunately they were very evenly matched in pace. If there had been one shirk, it must have been fatal. I had the good fortune to keep the pace up till we got upon a level, and then gradually

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

[16] stopped her, and by way of a finale, we had a good kicking-match before we could get the wheelers away from the coach. Meanwhile, the few inside passengers were perfectly unconscious that there had been anything wrong. A lady of the party remarked to me that ‘the mail travelled so delightfully fast that it seemed to have wings instead of wheels.’”

Thus much by way of precaution. Let it be granted that the coachman knows his business and has made all sure. He has gathered the reins in his right hand—the wheel-reins on either side of the middle-

◆ ◀ *THE COACHMAN.* ▶ ◆

finger, the leading-reins on either side of the forefinger. He has planted his foot on the fore-wheel, has with the disengaged hand seized the step of the front-boot, and so made a graceful ascent to his seat. Then, transferring the reins to the left hand, holding the whip lightly with the right, he starts the wheelers with a word.

[17]

The horn blows its merry note: the ladies wave their hands, the men their hats; the spectators regard with enthusiasm this picture of color and animation; and the coach departs on its journey of delight.

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

II.

THE ROAD.

[18]



HECK the landscape with the beauties of a morning in spring. A light wind is fanning the faces of the travellers. The golden corn is nodding its head, whispering its approbation as the coach goes by. The trees have put on their newest and brightest toilets to do honor to the ladies of the party. Where the road grows narrow, they almost intertwine

◆ ✻ *THE ROAD.* ✻ ◆

their boughs, weaving a mosaic of light and shade, over which the horses pick their way. At the end of this leafy tunnel are seen the green hills, rising ridge above ridge, till the highest appears with a fine white mist resting on its summit, like a circlet of pearls upon the forehead of a queen. [19]

Every turn on an English road recalls historic memories. Scenes of the past rise again at every stage which is traversed. It is not two hundred years since Addison and Steele travelled over these highways. "I see," writes Thackeray, in his sketches of the period,

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

[20] “I see the young squire riding to Eton, with his servants behind him. The coach takes five days between London and Bath. If my lady comes to town in her post-chariot, her people carry pistols to fire a salute on Captain Macheath if he should appear, and her carriers ride ahead of her to prepare apartments for her at the great caravanseries on the road: Boniface receives her under the creaking sign of the ‘Bell’ and the ‘Ram,’ and he and his chamberlains bow her up the great stair to the state-apartments, while her carriage rumbles into the courtyard, where the ‘Exeter





THE ROAD.



Fly' is housed that performs the journey in eight days, God willing, having achieved its daily flight of twenty miles, and landed its passengers for supper and sleep.

“The curate is taking his pipe in the kitchen, [21]
where the captain's man, having hung up his master's half pipe, is at his bacon and eggs, bragging of Ramillies and Malplaquet to the townsfolk, who have their club in the chimney-corner. The captain is ogling the chambermaid in the wooden gallery, or bribing her to know who is the pretty young mistress

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

[22] that has come in the coach. The pack-horses are in the great stable, and the drivers and hostlers carousing in the tap. And in Mrs. Landlady's bar, over a glass of strong waters, sits a gentleman of military appearance, who travels with pistols, as all the rest of the world does, and has a rattling gray mare in the stables which will be saddled and away with its owner half an hour before the 'Fly' sets out on its last day's flight. And some five miles on the road, as the 'Exeter Fly' comes jingling and creaking onward, it will suddenly be brought to a halt by a gentleman on a gray mare,

◆ ✻ *THE ROAD.* ✻ ◆

with a black vizard on his face, who thrusts a long pistol into the coach-window and bids the company to hand out their purses."

Surely it is not the least of the pleasures of coaching that the gentleman with the black vizard has taken his departure forever. There is no longer any fear that at a certain point of the road cords shall be found laced across it, stopping the horses suddenly, frightening the passengers, causing coachman and guard to jump down from their seats, and enabling one of Macheath's lieutenants to plunder whatever may be valuable in the [23]

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

[24] freight. There is no longer any risk, when some noble dragsman undertakes to drive one of the modern professional coaches, that he shall notice among his inside passengers a man with fine open features, who makes himself particularly attentive to the ladies, pets their lap-dog, adjusts their shawls, raises or lowers the windows to suit them, and toward the end of the journey whispers that he must relieve them of their purses and watches, and that his name is Mr. Richard Turpin.

* * Not that these encounters were always serious. Two hoaxes are remembered by coaching men which

◆ ◀ *THE ROAD.* ▶ ◆

might prove not wholly ineffective to-day. One was played by John Mytton, Squire of Halston, on a clergyman who had been visiting him, and whose carriage had scarcely got beyond the squire's lodge-gate, when a man with black crape over his face presented a pistol at the window, and demanded the watch of its inmate. "Spare that," implored the clergyman, "it was the gift of a beloved mother." But the robber was inexorable, and the clergyman returned disconsolate to the squire, who promised to trace the robber, and invited the robber's victim to dinner. "I wish," [25]

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

said Mytton at table, "that you, sir, would kindly carve the pheasants." The dish was set before the clergyman, the cover was removed, and there, in the place of the birds, lay the stolen watch. Not a smile [26] on the squire's face betrayed who the robber was.

The other hoax was played in France on the Baron de Bezenval, a charming man of the world, who, to the disgust of the guests of a country-house where he was staying, announced that he must take his departure. Wrapped in thick fur, he fell asleep in his post-chaise, and was awakened by a number of

◆ ✻ *THE ROAD.* ✻ ◆

armed men. "Sir," said the Baron to their leader, "your men do not know how to behave themselves: they should at least have given me time to draw my hunting-knife." But they robbed him of everything—his cane, rings, snuff-boxes of lapis lazuli, and his two watches and chains. Walking slowly back to the country-house, he found the drawing-room empty, and looking round saw, to his amazement, all his lost property dangling over the chimney-piece. Shouts of laughter then rose, and the bandits of quality flocked into the room in their various disguises. Such was [27]

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

the method devised to bring back to his friends the agreeable Baron de Bezenval.

[28] These are the tales of the road. When they are told the hospitable inn awaits the coachman and his passengers. In England many of the delightful hostelries have disappeared—the hostelries overgrown with jasmine and honeysuckle: some by the riverside, some overlooking ancient bridges, some commanding views of a charming landscape. But many still linger in the accustomed haunts, inviting the hungry traveller with a bill of fare somewhat like this: “Mutton broth, rich



✦ ◆ *THE ROAD.* ◆ ✦

in meat and herbs; fresh-water fish in every form, eels stewed, fried, boiled, baked, spitcocked, and water sucket; the purest bread and freshest butter; salmon and fennel sauce; mackerel brought down by coach from London, with green gooseberries and the earliest cucumbers; a saddle of South-down, kept to a moment and done to a turn; mutton-chops, hot and hot; marrow-bones; Irish stew; rump-steaks, tender and juicy; chicken and ham, plum-pudding, fruit tarts, trifles, and gooseberry-fool; and therewithal fine old crusted port, sherry dry and fruity, and madeira that has made [29]

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

more than one voyage between England and the East Indies.

[30] Then, if the English inns of the past are vanishing, if the delights of the English landscape begin to pall, there remains for the devotee of coaching the Far West of America. In California, Nevada, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico, the coaches still wend their way over the Sierras. Starting from Gilroy, the "whip" may steer his horses through the Salmas Valley over the coast range to Santa Barbara. Parks of live-oaks will stretch before him. Precipices

◆ ✻ *THE ROAD.* ✻ ◆

rising sheer will test his nerve and skill. His wheels will be washed by the waves of the Pacific as he passes through San Buenaventura to Los Angeles, through the lovely San Gabriel valley to San Bernardino.

[31]

Here are untasted pleasures of the road.



♦ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♦

III.

THE COACH.

"When Queen Elizabeth came to the crown,
A coach in England then was scarcely known.
Then 'twas as rare to see one as to spye
A tradesman that had never told a lye."

[32]



HUS, in hobbling verse, sang a small
London satirist. The honor of introducing coaches into England is claimed by the Earl of Arundel, and in a few years the Duke of Buckingham had a team of six horses which "was wondered at as a nov-

◆ ◀ *THE COACH.* ▶ ◆

elty and imputed to him as a mastering pride." Very slow, however, was the progress of the new fashion.

Nevertheless coaching grew, and when it was at its zenith in England it was being gradually introduced in America. As early as 1730 it is recorded [33] that "a line of stages was established between New York and Philadelphia, to run once a fortnight during the winter months, and proposals were issued for a foot-post to Albany. In January, 1753, appeared the following advertisement: "This is to acquaint gentlemen and others who have a mind to transport them-

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

[34] selves, wares or merchandise, from New York to Philadelphia or from Philadelphia to New York, that there is now a stage-boat, well fitted, kept by William Vandrills, who proposes, wind and weather permitting, to sail from New York to Amboy every Monday and Thursday, and thence by wagon to Burlington, and thence take passage to Philadelphia."

In 1766 an announcement was printed and circulated to the following effect: "Persons may now go from New York to Philadelphia and back in five days, and remain in Philadelphia two nights and one day to

◆ ✻ *THE COACH.* ✻ ◆

do their business in; fare, 20 shillings through; there will be two wagons and four sets of horses; John Mercereau, proprietor, at Blazing Star. The company to go over to Paulus Hook ferry the evening before, and to start thence the next morning early." In New England coaching had made great strides. At Salem, Mass., it was carried to perfection. Lines running between Boston and Portland were numerous. Between Salem and Boston trips were made hourly. Between New York and Philadelphia the coaches carried the mail and six passengers until the Camden [35]

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

and Amboy Railroad began to run diagonally across New Jersey.

[36] So popular did the coaches grow that a fierce competition raged between the different lines. The chief of these were the Union Line and the Citizens' Line. In 1828 Mr. Vanderbilt established the Despatch Line, running between New York and New Brunswick, and also between Bordentown and Philadelphia. His coaches were purchased in Concord, New Hampshire. They were light and graceful in shape, set up high on leather braces, upholstered in





good style, and painted generally in bright colors. The horses were selected for their speed, beauty, and endurance, and were hardly surpassed by any of the stock used as teamsters to-day. They carried ten passengers—nine inside and one outside. So violent [37] did the coaching war become that at one time the fare between New York and Philadelphia was reduced to \$1.25. This made the Union Line buy Vanderbilt off, and left the rest of the stage folks in the lurch.

In England the fastest of the mails was the Devonport, commonly called the “Quicksilver.” It

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

made its journey of 227 miles in 22 hours. The Edinburgh mail ran 400 miles in 40 hours. The Exeter day coach, known as the "Herald," ran 173 miles, over uneven country, in 20 hours. The [38] "Hirondelle" on one occasion accomplished 120 miles in 8 hours and 20 minutes. The "Wonder," on another occasion, made 9 miles in 35 minutes. Two ladies who were inside the coach when this trial was made were told that if they were likely to be frightened they had better dismount before the next stage was begun. But they said that they preferred to go fast,

◆ ❖ *THE COACH.* ❖ ◆

and would stay where they were, regardless of the danger they were in.

By what arts was this speed obtained? First, by the choice of horses. "Nimrod," the sporting authority of other days, used to say that a fast coach [39] ought to have very nearly a horse to every mile of the ground it runs, reckoning one way, or "one side of the ground." The animals should be fed uncommonly well, for good flesh operates to their advantage, and they draw by their weight, not by the force of their muscles. Their requisites are action, sound legs and

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

[40] feet, and good wind. It has been said that horses with a blemish have been found useful. More than that, blind horses used to be numerous in stage-coaches. "We are well over that, sir," said one of the old school of coachmen to a passenger who sat beside him on the box, having just passed a dangerous bridge on a foggy night. "Well over that, and only one eye among us." That "one" was his own.

The second of the arts of fast travel was the skill of the coachman. Driving was a passion even with those who made their living by it. Mr. Stevenson,

THE COACH.

who drove the "Age" to Brighton, was a graduate of Cambridge, and, not being rich enough to own a coach, mounted the box and became a coachman by profession. Faults they had, those "whips" of the past. They would not "pin their ribbons" before starting; they got drunk; they galloped over level ground, though, when a coach begins to swing, a small stone would upset her; they raced with each other so wildly that, on a celebrated occasion, two of their number were indicted for manslaughter. But they knew their business well. If the thong broke off in

[41]

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

the middle, they could splice it with dexterity as the coach went on. They were faithful to their employers, humane to their horses, and, highest gift of all, they could drive when they were drunk very nearly as well as when they were sober.

[42] The third secret of swift coachmanship was the build of the coach. The boots, being let down between the springs, kept the load, and consequently the centre of gravity, low; the wheels were secured by patent boxes; the best materials were used in every part. The forewheels were made high, since, when



THE COACH.



they were low, they placed the axle so much below the level of the wheel-horses' breasts that they had not only the carriage to draw, but also part of its weight to bear. The conveyance was a model of symmetry and lightness, yet not too light, for in that case she would have been continually "on the jump," as coachmen call it, and her iron parts very liable to snap. Moreover, she was loaded with care. The heavier packages were put into the boots and the lighter ones only on the top. A well-loaded coach was not only a pleasure to the traveller, but reduced to a minimum

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

the risks of an accident. An ill-loaded coach is alike dangerous and uncomfortable.

In the choice of the horses, the skill of the driver, and the build of the vehicle, lies the whole art of the coach.

[44]



+ ♦ *THE REVIVAL.* ♦ +

IV.

THE REVIVAL.



WITH the transformation of the professional stage-coach into the amateur “drag” coaching underwent the last and greatest change in its career. In 1868 the “Old Times” coach was started to Brighton as the property of a company of gentlemen. The second coach was one to Beckenham and Bromley. Then the art became a mania, as in the past. The

[45]

♣ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♣

[46] railings of the White Horse cellars were placarded once more with handbills of all colors. "A well-appointed four-horse coach," ran the announcement, "will leave Hatchett's Hotel on such and such days for nearly every provincial town within fifty miles of London." The pavement was crowded as of old. "Knots of gentlemen," writes Captain Hawarth, "discussed the merits of this wheeler or that leader till reminded by the White Horse clock that time was up, they took a cursory glance at their way-bills, and, mounting their boxes, stole away to the accompaniment of a 'yard of tin.'"

◆ ✻ *THE REVIVAL.* ✻ ◆

May Day, 1876, is celebrated in the annals of the road as the occasion of the revival of the public stage-coach between Oxford and London. In the good old times Oxford was as well served as any city in the kingdom, but since the "Prince of Wales," which used to start from the Vine Inn of that city, ceased to run, more than a quarter of a century before, the University had had no coach of its own. Since the revival began the longest journeys had been those from London to Brighton and from London to Tunbridge Wells. That to Oxford considerably exceeded either of these [47]

♦ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♦

in distance, being made, indeed, in two almost distinct portions—namely, the journey from Oxford to Reading, and that from Reading to the White Horse Cellars in Piccadilly.

[48] The opening day arrived with a leaden sky and a keen blast. By ten o'clock the weather began to brighten, the slate-colored clouds displayed rifts of blue. A great crowd gathered round the Clarendon Hotel to see the start; Mr. Mansal, the coachman, gave the word to let go the leaders' heads; the horn rang out merrily with old "Tantivy;" the roans, a

♦ ◀ *THE REVIVAL.* ▶ ♦

grand team, costing over 600 guineas, took the collar with a will, and amid cheers and good wishes the coach rattled down "the High" past Magdalen College over Magdalen Bridge toward Nuneham. The weather grew hourly clearer. Homesteads and fat fields were left behind. Over Shillingford Bridge, with its placid river scenery; through Wallingford and Moulsoford, the great arch of sky growing bluer and bluer; from Streatly to Pangbourne, the landscape views ever changing; past wide open fields and waving woods; tall banks of greenery and charming bits of [49]

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

broken ground ; the silent, speeding Thames winding and glistening at the horses' feet ; the coach made its way through Pangbourne, the Paradise of fishermen, to the Queen's Hotel at Reading, which was reached
[50] at the very moment of the appointed time.

At Reading Mr. Blyth took the reins. There was a swarm of people to see the coach go by. The drive had the appearance of a royal progress. The roads were blocked with sight-seers, leaning out of windows, standing in doorways, giving a loud ringing cheer as the travellers started, as though they had been

◆ ❖ *THE REVIVAL.* ❖ ◆

explorers bound on some dangerous expedition. Mr. Blyth, an enthusiast in coaching, had a dial set in the footboard close to his feet, and by that dial he swore. Each of his horses was called according to the initial of his own name: the first team Butcher, Baker, Barber, and Banker; and so with all of the twenty horses. The road lay through Twyford, Hare Hatch, Knowl Hill, Maidenhead, Slough, Colnbrook, Longford, Hounslow, to the final changing-place, the Coach and Horses at Brentford, Mr. Blyth bringing up his team at Hatchett's three minutes before the hour

[51]

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

named on his time-table. And so the revival began in Merrie England.

[52] By this time the New York Coaching Club had become a great success. Since the autumn races of 1875, when the first muster was held, and the appearance of five coaches at Jerome Park had made a sensation in the world of sport, the organization of the club had been completed, and twelve coaches made their appearance in the spring parade of 1876. Among the rules adopted was one providing for two parades in each year: one in June and one in





THE REVIVAL.



October. On these occasions the club was expected to turn out in full force, and every coach was required to appear in perfect regulation trim. The course was from Madison Square up Fifth Avenue, round Central Park, and back again to Madison Square. The officers of the club were: Mr. William Jay, president, and Mr. William P. Douglass, secretary and treasurer. Messrs. Delancey Kane and Frederick Bronson joined these gentlemen in forming the executive committee. No one could be a member who was not an owner or part owner of a drag and able to drive four horses. A

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

beautiful cottage, with grounds adjoining Jerome Park, was purchased and placed at the disposal of the club.

[54] In England the revival had made rapid strides. The Four-in-Hand Club and the Coaching Club were advancing to the great vogue which they have now attained. They had accepted the traditions of their fathers, who had not thought it derogatory to their dignity to work a public stage-coach. "Among the latter," says Lord William Lennox, "may be mentioned the Marquis of Worcester, father of the present Duke of Beaufort, on the 'Evening's Amusement,'

◆ ✂ *THE REVIVAL.* ✂ ◆

and most delightful amusement it was to pass an evening by the side of the noble Plantaganet. Then there were the Earl of Harborough on the ‘Monarch;’ Sir St. Vincent Colton, the ex-Tenth Huzzar, and Charles Jones, Esq., on the ‘Age;’ the Honorable Francis Stafford Jerningham on the ‘Day Mail;’ Sackville Gwinne on the ‘Beaufort;’ John Willan, Esq., on the ‘Early Times;’ and young Musgrave on the ‘Union;’ all of whom ‘fretted their hour upon the stage.’” [55]

Of the whips of to-day it would be invidious to

♠ *THE DELIGHTS OF COACHING.* ♠

[56] speak. Coaching has been once more raised to the pinnacle of fashion. To excel with the ribbons is the ambition of the noblest and the richest. What spectacle more gay, more animated, more inspiriting does the sun in his course illumine than that of the coaches assembled in Madison Square, complete in appointments, perfect in horse-flesh, guided by men of wealth and fashion, and irradiated by the smiles of pretty women, whose hearts are with the coachman on the box or with his friends upon the roof?

“For it shines bright and never changes.”

Henry VIII.



EVERY ONE KNOWS that the pleasure of a drive is heightened by the consciousness that the particular coach in which or on which he may be is finished to the last degree of perfection by a skilful artist with the best possible varnish; and we have left unREFERRED to until the last, this, which is surely not the least of all the many elements which make the “Four-in-hand” delightful to the eye. Not all, however, are aware of the difficulties encountered in obtaining the lustrous surface which shall truly, in the drive, “hold the mirror up to nature.” The first requisite to a perfect finish is a perfect varnish. It is not, however, the desire of MURPHY & COMPANY at this time to discourse upon the making or application of that article with which their own career is identified. They present this book to their many friends and customers among the makers of fine pleasure-carriages who do realize the importance of this matter, and they avail themselves of this opportunity to return thanks to their unnumbered customers, whose support throughout many years has enabled them to place the MURPHY VARNISHES in their present position.



THE factories of MURPHY & COMPANY at Newark, N. J., and Cleveland, O., are among the most extensive, if not indeed the most extensive of their kind. They are furnished with every convenience and appliance for the economical and uniform manufacture of their varnishes. The storage is abundant, so that the age so necessary in varnishes of the highest quality is assured. Certain standards for color, body, drying, and other essential points, are established for each grade, and their system of having each tank practically tested by a skilful carriage-painter, to supplement their laboratory tests, gives an assurance of absolute uniformity and reliability. In addition to this, which is all necessary in conducting a large varnish trade, the proprietors of the business of Murphy & Company, who are also its original projectors, bring to its present management the result of their twenty years' experience in their work—a work which has not only involved a knowledge of the best processes for making high grade varnishes, but a careful and painstaking inquiry into the wants of the carriage paint-shop. Their practical and thorough understanding of both insures to their customers additional guarantees of satisfaction.

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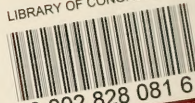
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